

# The New Northwest.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1872.

## Lost-to Society Lost.

Touch not the fallen one—drive her away;  
Guilt and sorrow, but her heart's true day;  
Though her heart's bleeding, heart not her  
pleading.

At any cost;  
Forget what is good of her—speak, if you would  
of her.

As lost-to society lost.

Sad and dejected—the poor broken-hearted;  
Love, honor, and all save life have departed;  
None proffer relief to heal her heart's grief—  
Oh, fearful the cost!

No one betrays her—fashion conspires her  
As lost-to society lost.

Heed not her sighs, her entreaties and tears—  
Spurn her as one for whom nobody cares;  
Lash and degraded, to memory she's faded—  
Trifling the cost.

Forget you ever loved her, ever kissed and  
coursed her—  
She's lost-to society lost.

Oh, pity her not—she has fallen from place;  
Applaud her better, receive him with grace;  
Smile on her deceiver, but do not relieve her,  
At any cost.

For such is propriety in Christian society,  
When lost-to society lost.

Innocent, loving, betrayed and forsaken;  
Guilt and fallen—by vice overtaken;  
At society's ban—let not to proclaim her,  
At any cost.

Forget all her beauty—do society's duty;  
She's lost-to society lost.

Oh, merciless fashion, why do you nurture  
By poverty's laws, and massacre virtue?  
Bow to the false test, oh, immaculate sex,  
From on the fallen one, and your proud duty's  
done!

She's lost-to society lost.

JAMES R. McQUELLAN.

## A Woman.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh, dwarfed and wronged, and stained with ill,  
Behold! thou art a woman still;  
And, though thy name be lost, and thou art dead,  
I bid thy better self appear.

Still, through thy poor disguise, I see  
The radiant purity,  
That, spite of change and loss, makes good  
Thy brilliant claims of womanhood;  
An inward loveliness, and nobility,  
A shame that is half innocence.

Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin!  
Rise from the dust thou liest in,  
As Mary rose at Jesus' tomb, and  
Redeemed and while before the Lord!  
Reclaim thy lost soul! In His name  
Rise up and break thy bonds of shame!

Art weak? He's strong. Art fearful? Hear  
The world's Overcomer, "He of cheer!"  
What ill shall judge when he approves?  
Who dares to warn the child he loves?

[From the New York Weekly.]

## The Factory Girl, Or a Wife's Experience.

"Do you dare me to do it, Charles?"  
"I dare you to do it, Emily."

"And you will grant my request, if—  
if I have courage to go through the ordeal?"

"If I may say 'yes' safely enough, my  
bold-spirited little girl. You are a  
tall, handsome man, lazily reaching  
across to the carved marble mantle for a  
match wherewith to light his cigar,  
"there's quite a difference between  
raving about the sufferings and oppression  
of the 'poor working classes' and your-  
self being able to share them."

"You shall see that there will not be,  
in my case," flashed Emily.

"We shall see, my dear."

"But I have your promise, Charles?"  
persisted the young girl, who stood in  
the bay window, all in white, like the  
pictured angels on the tinted glass of  
cathedral casements.

"Yes, you have my promise!"

"Then that is enough. Remember  
that I shall claim it soon!"

"Any more work?"

Mr. Parsons, the foreman, did not ex-  
actly know. He couldn't tell without  
reference to his books. He rather  
thought not. There was such a rush of  
applicants just now, the market was  
overcrowded. He would put the matter  
down, if she said so. Emily Merrill—  
yes, exactly so. But he would not hold  
out any certain hopes of immediate em-  
ployment. There were enough who  
were willing to secure work by extra  
endeavors, and—

Emily Merrill lifted her soft eyes to  
the face of the foreman in the hoop-skirt  
factory, with a sort of mute surprise.

"You mean a bonus?" she asked,  
gravely.

"Well—yes—if you choose to call it  
so," and Mr. Parsons smoothed his  
sleek-shaven chin with an air of the  
most disinterested innocence. "Of course  
a man can't be expected to use special  
influence, and take extra trouble for  
nothing."

"No, certainly not," and Emily's lip  
curved very contemptuously. "How  
much—?"

"Oh! anything you please," said the  
foreman, with an assumption of mod-  
esty. "Ten dollars is the usual consid-  
eration."

Emily Merrill opened her portmanteau  
and took out a worn ten-dollar bill,  
which she laid on the green baize cover of  
the desk before which the myrmidon of  
power was seated. As she did so, he  
opened a huge, leather-bound book.  
"If you cared for a situation as trim-  
mer, now—"

"Any position would suit me," inter-  
rupted Emily, eagerly.

"Why didn't you say so before? That  
alters the aspect of affairs entirely. I  
supposed you wanted to be a cutter, or a  
clasher. The trimmers don't get good  
wages, but there is a chance for promo-  
tion, to be sure. There is a place vacant  
among the trimmers. Eliza Martin  
went home last week to the country,  
with a bad touch of bleeding at the  
lungs; you can have her place at the  
table if you like. Seems to me some one  
told me she was dead."

Emily shuddered slightly.

"What are the wages, sir?" she asked.

"Well, our firm does the liberal thing.  
Three dollars a week."

"But it seems to me that people can't  
help starving on such wages as that!"

"There's plenty would be glad and  
thankful to get the place," said Mr. Par-  
sons, indifferently, as he closed the big  
book with a bang. "If you want it, say  
so; if you don't, there's no use in any  
more palavering about the matter."

And Emily Merrill found herself  
forced to accept the inevitable.

The long room was full of the gleam of  
white, weary faces, and the buzz of  
many voices, when the "new hand"  
took her place in the nook that poor  
Eliza Martin was destined never to  
occupy. The girls looked at her with  
invidious glances.

"Tut on! said Betsey Hyde.

"Wouldn't drink out of the pail of  
water until she had rinsed out the tin  
cup twice!" said Helen Jenkins, con-  
temptuously.

"We don't want any fine ladies in  
this trimming-room!" said Clara Jones,  
who tried to secure the vacant situation  
for her sister Hulda, but had failed in  
the indispensable ten-dollar bill.

In vain did Emily Merrill try, in her  
gentle, shrinking way, to make friends  
with the pale-faced, shrill-tongued girls  
who surrounded her; it seemed to be the  
fashion generally to snub or ignore her.  
They were loquacious enough between  
themselves, but when she approached,  
their voices died into silence, and their  
looks became full of suspicion and icy  
coldness.

"Why do they all dislike me so?" she  
asked, pitifully, of Laura Ellis, the one  
who was least insulting.

"Oh! because you are not of their

sort," said Laura. "Besides, you board  
at widow Hawley's, who pretends to  
have seen better days."

"But that is not my fault, nor hers."

"They think it is, and besides—"

But Miss Merrill was not destined to  
hear the "besides" for the clanging  
door-bell sounded at that moment, and  
there was a general scattering among  
the weary, overworked young crea-  
tures.

"How pale they all are!" she said,  
involuntarily, as she watched them file  
past her.

"Pale!" echoed a wistful faced young  
widow, whose dark, earnest eyes ap-  
peared to grow larger and brighter day  
by day—"they are tolling themselves  
into their graves at starvation prices."

"But Mr. Althorpe, who owns the  
factory, is said to be a generous-hearted  
man, is he not?"

"Mr. Althorpe? Yes, perhaps so, but he  
asserts that he pays the same prices as  
other factory proprietors."

"And that is too little!"

"Too little to begin with. How would  
Mr. Althorpe like that young wife of  
his (for they tell me he has recently  
married), to work all day long for the  
pittance he pays these hundred and fifty  
girls?"

"I really winced a little."

"I suppose he does not look at matters  
in that light."

"But that isn't the worst of it," per-  
sisted Mrs. Blodgett. "The small wages  
our girls receive are lessened by the ex-  
traneous demands levied by that harpy  
Mr. Parsons—a regular system of black-  
mail. Oh! I think such mean vices  
should not be allowed to live!"

She spoke with emphasis, and turning  
at the same moment, started to ob-  
serve the small, shy eyes of the foreman  
fixed upon her. Unobserved he had  
caught the tenor of every word she  
spoke.

"Very much obliged for your good  
opinion, ma'am," he said, nodding his  
head and compressing his lips into an  
evil smile. "I am very sorry we shall  
have no work for you after next Satur-  
day night, Mrs. Blodgett."

The poor young widow grew pale, for  
upon her weekly wages depended the  
subsistence of an aged mother and two  
little ones. Emily Merrill involuntarily  
advanced a step or two, her small  
hands clenched, and her eyes glittering.  
Then, recollecting herself, she walked  
away. Mr. Parsons, however, followed  
her, the grace and beauty of her figure  
had taken his eye, and he was not disin-  
clined for a flirtation with "the new  
hand."

"When she resumed her place after the  
noon hours, Emily found herself  
more or less alone than ever, and her  
next neighbor, Louisa Jane Parsons, a  
sister of the fascinating foreman, whis-  
pered to the young lady opposite an au-  
dible comment on "that designing thing  
who really expected to catch brother  
James!"

Poor Emily! But the worst of her  
trials were yet to come. As she hurried  
down the long room, the next day, and  
slipped on a piece of orange peel, and  
fell, spraining her ankle!

"Oh! I always said that pride would  
be their ruin, and only kind-  
hearted Mrs. Blodgett hurried to her  
assistance."

"Are you much hurt?" she asked,  
sympathizingly.

"No, only my foot. I fear it is  
sprained."

"Shall I go for Dr. Welford?"

"If you will be so kind."

Mrs. Blodgett hurried away, and Emily  
Merrill, seated on a low chair by the  
window, could not but hear the whis-  
pered remarks of the other "hands," as  
they pretended to be absorbed over their  
work.

"Received her right," said Clara Jones.

"Hope she'll have to leave the fac-  
tory," chimed in Betsey Hyde.

"It's all make-believe to get my  
brother James to let her off her work,"  
added Miss Parsons.

"Well, I always said that pride would  
have a fall," declared Helen Jennings.

Emily turned herself round with diffi-  
culty, and looked with gentle, re-  
proachful eyes at her enemies.

"Young ladies," she said in a low,  
tremulous voice, "if you knew why—"

But the half-uttered sentence was  
broken off by the opening of a door, and  
the entrance of a tall, stylish gentleman  
whom they all knew as Mr. Althorpe,  
the proprietor of the factory.

"Emily!" he exclaimed, turning pale  
as his eye fell upon her face, "are you  
hurt?"

"Oh! Charles!"—and Emily Althorpe  
swayed upon her husband's shoulder.  
But she had won her gaudium; and  
that same evening the girls learned  
through Mrs. Blodgett that their em-  
ployer's noble young wife had taken her  
place among them to win from her hus-  
band an increase of their wages, the bet-  
ter consideration of their comforts, and,  
best of all, the prompt dismissal of Mr.  
James Parsons.

"Now I hope it will do you good to  
learn this, after the shabby way in  
which you have treated her," said the  
little widow rather maliciously.

The girls were silent,—words were  
powerless to express their shame and  
astonishment.

But a brighter day had dawned upon  
the factory hands,—and Emily Althorpe  
never forgot the week she had spent as  
a working-girl.

"If women are to be kept out of the  
medical profession," says the N. Y. Tri-  
bune, "for the honor of man, we trust  
that it will be done in a decent and con-  
sistent way. The American Medical  
Association met in Philadelphia on  
Tuesday, and Dr. Yandell of Louisville,  
the President, made a little preliminary  
speech. He was not obliged to say any-  
thing. All which is very well, O Tribune;  
but if women can do what, according to  
Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid,  
Anna Dickinson has done, i. e. secure  
"Eminent Political Attainments," is  
she not infinitely better fitted for the  
voting business than a man who under-  
takes to vote on the strength of his be-  
longing to the male sex, without any  
attainments at all? We pause for a re-  
ply."—Woman's Journal.

Thaddeus Stevens, at his death, Aug-  
ust 11, 1868, willed his library to the  
university, on condition that he abstained  
from the use of spirituous and malt liq-  
uors for a period of five years. In the  
event of his failing to keep the pledge  
his executors were required to sell the  
them at public auction, in Philadelphia.  
The total sum realized by the sale was  
\$3,100.

## A Little Gail.

We have been reading Gail Hamil-  
ton's "Way of Escape," and this is the  
result.

Our motherly little Eunice exclaims  
indignantly, "What is that woman  
talking about? Where in the world  
can you find a respectable couple who  
are not two in closets, clothes and bu-  
reau-drawers?" John has his things, I  
mine "double set of toilet apparatus,  
indeed! Don't every couple have them,  
pray?" Wait until Gail Hamilton has  
traveled in matrimonial harness for five  
years as I have, perhaps she will know  
something about "twoness of looking-  
glasses!"

Bessie wanted to know how it came to  
pass that a woman, married or single,  
understood a man's extravagant expres-  
sions so well. "That running all over  
the house 'pleases me!'"

"Read that sentence again, please,"  
said the doctor, from the depths of his  
sleazy hollow chair.

"Which, pray?"

"Why, the high-flown production  
about 'Leander's slight and savage'  
something. Go slow; some does I pre-  
fer to swallow gradually."

We read: "Unless Leander's slight  
and savage impudencia be superim-  
posed upon the elaborate gossamer fin-  
ery of Hero's more advanced civiliza-  
tion."

"Lands' sake!" exclaimed grandma.

"Whew!" said the doctor, "allow me  
to take a look at that myself."

The doctor satisfied his optics, and  
subsided, as Tom calls his settling down  
in Sleepy Hollow.

"My dear," said the doctor, "do you  
remember a day not long since when  
you insisted on my eating some old  
English plum pudding?"

"My dear remembrance is perfectly  
fresh."

"Well, I feel precisely as I did after  
eating it!"

We laughed, and Aunt Sue wondered  
if Gail could be growing pedantic. "I  
used to enjoy my sharp, simple and  
concise articles very much, and now,  
well, perhaps I am out of tune. I dare  
say."

Now, aunt is one of the lovely women  
who insist on taking upon their patient  
shoulders all other people's faults. Her  
excesses are ready for every one, conse-  
quently the doctor calls her "Gentle  
Heart."

You will all indorse this, we said:  
"No nature is stronger and sweeter than  
does not sometimes crave, and none can  
be satisfied without securing easily, and  
at will, an absolute seclusion."

"Good!" said Tom; "you girls remem-  
ber that this summer when I am taking  
my sister to the seashore."

Tom is such a tease! How do you  
think he ended our "little Gail," as he  
called our talk over the "Way of Es-  
cape?"

Another Gail and her superimposed  
impudencia! Turn to the first page and  
read Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's  
letter. She's a woman without stuff  
and nonsense."

"O, Tom, Tom!" we girls exclaimed,  
"you'll be a convert yet."

"Convert! Haven't I always stand-  
ingly believed in smart women doing  
anything under the sun they please?  
But then such women are rare, and  
Tom shut the library door with a bang.

JAKE TITHE.

## A Clerical Joke.

The late Elder John Smith, of Ken-  
tucky, who died recently at an advanced  
age, was one of the most eccentric yet  
sensible of the Ohio river. He was fami-  
liarly known throughout Kentucky as  
"Raccoon Smith." While still in the Epis-  
talian ministry, and attending one of the  
annual meetings of that body, a tall,  
lank, green specimen of humanity pre-  
sented himself before the Association as  
a candidate for the ministry. He was  
regarded as not being of entirely sound  
mind, and labored under the hallucina-  
tion that he was especially "called to  
preach" and kept constantly importu-  
nating the Association to grant him the  
necessary license. In addition to his  
particularly unbalanced mind, young  
Meeks was the possessor of as huge and  
ungainly a pair of feet as ever trod in  
shoe leather. He had his importunities,  
and not being disposed to grant the li-  
cense, the Association handed him over  
to Smith, with instructions to make an  
end of the case, and between them took  
place the following conversation:

Smith.—"Sir, Brother Meeks, you  
think you have a special call to preach?"

Meeks.—"Yes, the Lord has called me  
to the work, but the Association re-  
fuses me the license."

Smith.—"How do you know you are  
called?"

Meeks.—"Know it! I feel it in my  
heart of hearts. I want my license."

Smith.—"Do you believe in the Bible,  
Brother Meeks?"

Meeks.—"Certainly I do—every word  
of it."

Smith.—"If I can prove by the Bible  
that you are not called to preach, will  
you be satisfied to drop the matter, and  
further importune the Association for  
a license?"

Brother Meeks assented to this, and  
recoiled Smith deliberately opened the  
New Testament at Romans X, 15, and  
in a grave tone read: "How beautiful  
are the feet of them that preach the gos-  
pel of peace," etc. Then, glancing at  
Meeks' large feet, remarked: "You see,  
Brother Meeks, that the feet of the  
preacher are beautiful. You, Sir, have  
the most monstrously ugly feet of any  
man in the State of Kentucky; there-  
fore, by this Bible, it is clear that you  
have not been especially called."

As Smith concluded his remarks the  
Association went off into a paroxysm of  
laughter; and Meeks, really concluding  
that he had not been "called," bolted  
from the meeting-house, and never after  
annoyed the Association for a license.

## THE NEW YORK CONVENTION.

The platform of the Woman Suffrage  
Convention, recently held in New York,  
is given in another column. The Con-  
vention was well attended, and remained  
in session several days. The notorious  
Woodhull withdrew from the Con-  
vention with a few of her supporters, or-  
ganized another convention, and was by  
them nominated for President, with  
Fred Douglass for Vice. So the Suff-  
rage Movement is at last freed from the  
approaches that have been cast upon it  
with her as one of its leaders. Susan B.  
Anthony was elected President of the  
Association, and a series of meetings are  
projected in the principal cities, and the  
Baltimore and Philadelphia Conventions  
will be requested to place the suff-  
rage plank in their platforms. More  
than this cannot be held in San Fran-  
cisco. We observe that Mrs. Dun-  
way has addressed several large assem-  
blies in the metropolis, and her efforts  
have received favorable comments of  
the press. A Pacific Slope Suffrage  
Association will be held in San Francisco,  
commencing on the 18th inst., to re-  
main in session several days. Distin-  
guished advocates of the cause will at-  
tend and participate in its proceedings.  
—Washington Standard.

Now that Parepa and Nilsson and  
Wachtel have made their fortunes in  
the United States, all the musicians of  
Europe are anxious to come here.

A Western editor in writing the obit-  
uary of a respectable citizen, says that  
"he has gone to that undiscovered  
burn."

## Unparalleled Inducements to Clubs.

THE NEW NORTHWEST,  
A Journal for the People.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HUMANITY.

Arrangements have been made to secure the  
services of a

COMPETENT CORPS OF WRITERS

upon any and all subjects of Public Interest.

The New Northwest is not a Woman's  
Rights, but a Human Rights organ, devoted  
to the greatest good to the greatest number.  
It knows no sex, no politics, no religion, no party,  
no color, no creed. Its foundation is fastened  
upon the rock of Eternal Liberty, Universal  
Emancipation and Unfettered Progression.

## OUR PREMIUM LIST.

As an inducement for our friends to make  
exertions to secure large clubs for the New  
Northwest, we offer the following list of val-  
uable premiums:

For twenty subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accom-  
panied by the cash, we will give the HOME  
SEWING MACHINE, without table, beautifully  
ornamented. Price, \$30.

For thirty subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accom-  
panied by the cash, we will give a HOME  
SEWING MACHINE, with table, finished in  
extra style. Price, \$40.

For fifty subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accom-  
panied by the cash, we will give a MASON  
& HAMLIN ORGAN, four octaves, single  
reed, with black walnut case, automatic  
bellows, two low pedals, improved cen-  
ter pressure reed valves, etc. Price, \$50.

For seventy-five subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accom-  
panied by the cash, we will give a MASON  
& HAMLIN ORGAN, five octaves, im-  
proved, with black walnut case, automatic  
bellows, two low pedals, improved cen-  
ter pressure reed valves, etc. Price, \$75.

For one hundred subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accom-  
panied by the cash, we will give a MASON  
& HAMLIN ORGAN, five octaves, im-  
proved, with black walnut case, automatic  
bellows, two low pedals, improved cen-  
ter pressure reed valves, etc. Price, \$100.

For one hundred subscribers, at \$3.00 each, accom-  
panied by the cash, we will give a MASON  
& HAMLIN ORGAN, five octaves, im-  
proved, with black walnut case, automatic  
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